

SOME ACCOUNT
OF
ANN REEVE,

DAUGHTER OF MARK AND HANNAH REEVE,

OF

Lower Greenwich, State of New Jersey,

*Who departed this life the 3rd day of the Eighth Month,
1778, aged fourteen years and six months.*

AS GIVEN BY HER FATHER.

SECOND EDITION.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A SHORT ACCOUNT

OF

ANN CROWLEY.

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ACCOUNT OF ANN REEVE.

IT lives in my heart to give forth this testimony of my only and beloved daughter, Ann Reeve, who departed this life the 3rd day of the 8th month, 1778, aged 14 years and 6 months.

She was naturally of a sweet and easy disposition, accompanied with a Christian gravity. From her infant years I never saw her delighted, or inclining to any childish plays. She was much inclined to reading, in which she manifested a good understanding, by conveying to others, with great freedom and ease, a clear sense of what she had read. To her brothers she was not only an affectionate sister, but from her infancy extended a mother's care, not in a commanding way, but with the most tender entreaties--was often grieved, but never angry; for in her, passion had very little, if any place. To her parents most affectionate; and in her requests modest and submissive. She was more delighted with retirement, or in the company of her elder friends, than in that of her youthful companions; and though her mother, at times, would rather encourage her to go into the company of some of her young friends, she would modestly excuse herself, especially if there was much company, without shewing the least dislike: yet she was innocently cheerful with those with whom she was intimately acquainted. She was indeed a good example, by a free and easy deportment, which shone forth in great serenity of mind; never inclined to any company or custom that her parents disapproved of: was of an active disposition, which bent to a steady industry; being either engaged in some useful employ, or in reading or writing, in which she took great delight: so that very little if any of her time was lost, but improved to the benefit of herself or others. She never grieved or displeased me; but meekness and wisdom shone forth in all her ways; insomuch that I always beheld her with pleasure and

delight, as one too ripe for heaven to be long trusted here on earth ; which accordingly proved sorrowfully true to us, her afflicted and stripped parents, as well as many others of her friends ; as she lived universally beloved, so she died lamented. But our sorrow was much mitigated by the thoughtful serenity that attended her mind in her last sickness, which was an indubitable proof that our loss was her everlasting gain. She was taken ill of the disorder of which she died, (the dysentery,) on the third day of the week, the 28th of 7th month, about noon. She lay down without saying any thing to us, and towards evening had a high fever ; but manifested great composure of mind ; and next day said to her mother, she hoped she would not grieve for poor little George, (her youngest brother, whom we had buried a few days before) for he was gone from a world of trouble, although she could not but mourn herself when he was gone ; and she should be very willing to go if she were fit to die. Her mother answered, " I hope thou hast been preserved in a great deal of innocence, and not done any thing to make thy mind uneasy." She replied, " not so fully as I ought to have done : I see wherein I have been short, but hope I may be forgiven, and have no desire to live." The next day, as I sat by her, I perceived she was in a very thoughtful frame of mind ; asked her if she thought she would get better. She said, " no, I don't expect it—some days before I was taken sick, I thought I should not live long : the last morning that I was milking, as I came out of the yard, it was said to me : ' it is the last time thou shalt be in this place : ' and when brother George died, it was such an awakening alarm to me, that I thought I should never forget it : yet I found it began to wear off. I think this season will never be forgotten by me, if I should be raised, but I do not expect it." At another time, her mother and I were both sitting by her ; she said, " I have often thought it would be very hard for me to part with either of

you, and it is hard to leave you. There is a great duty due from children to parents, and I hope you will forgive me wherein I have fallen short." She was answered : " thou hast been a very dutiful and affectionate child." She replied, " it is very kind ; but I see I have been short ; and if I should live, I would be much more affectionate and dutiful. I have often desired that I might not live to dishonour you. The last time I heard James Daniel preach, it was to the youth ; that they should not dishonour their parents by their conduct. It has seemed to me, young people are ashamed of sobriety." And then mentioned a young woman that she had talked with respecting some things that were not easy to her mind ; the young woman replied : " there was no harm in them ;" but, said she, " our young friends are accounting them but little things, but they will become serious things one day or other ; and it don't signify any thing thou or I can say, (speaking to her mother,) except something supernatural lays hold of the mind." She expressed a particular concern for one who had had a religious education, and observed that would not do. At another time she said, " It will be very hard for you to part with your children, but I hope you will be supported ;" and added, " dear father, pray for me ;" and feeling great pain, she was going to lament, but suddenly checked herself, saying : " not my will be done." And though she was favoured with great resignation and christian patience, yet she would often say, " I am afraid that I am not patient enough." She manifested great respect, and a thankful sense of the care of those that waited on her. When under extreme pain, said : " Oh that my time was come ! but not my will be done." Her disorder increasing, and pain very severe, it was remarked by one present : " the pains of death must be hard to bear ; but hoped she would be supported through it, as her mind was resigned to the Divine will." She replied, " that is very little to the pains of an endless

eternity." "I hope," said her mother, "thou art under no apprehension or fear on that account."—She replied, "there is one thing that lies heavy on my mind, which I am ashamed to let father and mother know." Her mother said, "well, child, if thou art not easy, we will not urge, but leave it to thy own freedom." "I believe," she replied, "it will not do any good," which brought deep exercise, with humble prayer and supplication, that whatever it was, it might be forgiven; but I could not take my natural rest, until I told her mother the exercise of my mind; and she, at a suitable time, informed her, that it would give her father some relief, if she were free to let us know what it was that lay so heavy on her mind. She said, "Oh, mother, I have been of late sleepy in meeting sometimes." It was answered, "dear child, I hope thou hast not given way to it, but hast striven against it. It is no sin to be tempted, but in giving way to the temptation." She replied, "I am afraid I have not striven against it in such a manner as I ought."

Oh the sweet tenderness of a child, that found this as a block in her way to eternal felicity! May it awaken the old professors amongst us who are settled too easy under a drowsy spirit, when met to perform the solemn duty of worship to Almighty God.

How did it break our hearts into tenderness and humble contrition! in which forgiveness is known, and inward consolation flowed, and encouragement was given, to trust in him who had thus enlightened her mind, to see wherein she had fallen short of her duty towards God, who is abundant in mercy, and ready to forgive all such contrite ones. After this she seemed quite easy; and we had no more doubt respecting her future well-being. Next day, the seventh of the week, her pain being great, she said, "I long to go; but not my will be done." So deep was the resignation of her mind, that she would often check herself in any desire after ease. Towards

night, her hands growing cold, and apprehending the approach of death, being in great pain, said, in the most composed frame of mind, "It is hard work for the spirit to be separated from this house of clay." In the evening, feeling divine consolation to attend our minds, she said, "I should be glad some of my friends were here; but I have no one particularly in view, except cousin N——; for I little thought, when I saw her, it would be our last parting." Soon after, her cousin and several other young friends came in, of which she seemed glad, and indeed it was a tendering time; although few words were spoken, yet most present were broken into tears; after which she appeared to weaken fast; till about 12 o'clock, and then took leave of us in the most calm and affectionate manner, and gave some very extraordinary advice to her two brothers, that were then well, (her brother Mark being at that time very ill,) saying, "you are left of five children, be loving and dutiful to your parents, and as much as may be in your power, make up the loss; be sure you never grieve, and by no means dishonour them in any part of your conduct." After taking an affectionate leave, she lay very still for some time, and was, to all appearance, near going; but seemed to revive, and said, "I must come back for a little time," and so lay pretty easy till morning, and was then much revived, and said, "dear father, I am afraid I offended last night, in being too desirous to go; but not my will be done." Pleasant indeed, was her company and conversation that day, being preserved in great composure of mind.

On second-day, in the most moving manner, conversed with her two brothers respecting their past conduct, which had been exercising to her mind; and in a language dictated by heavenly regard, advised them respecting their duty towards God and their parents, accompanied with desires that they might be forgiven for past offences, and rightly improve the time to come; and never dishonour their

parents, or be ashamed of sobriety, which was too much the case amongst young people. She then acquainted her mother of some deep exercise that had attended her mind in our absence : although she never dare say one word to hinder our going from home, yet it had been trying to her ; and she had been afraid to acquaint her with some things, lest it should discourage her another time from getting out, but to do the best she could : and now she was not easy to go without letting her know some of her exercises. She appeared, both for language and matter, more like an experienced christian than a child of fourteen years of age : so clear was her understanding in Divine things, she saw wherein the pure light was hurt in others, to the dishonour of the Great Name. After this she said but little, although mostly sensible. In the evening she asked what o'clock it was : being told, said "she hoped it was later." She was asked why, and replied, "I long for the time to come." It was then inquired of her, what time she expected to go off. She replied, "about 12 o'clock ;" and to appearance seemed as if it might be so ; but in the morning was a little better. I said, "my dear, it may be the Lord will restore thee to us again." She said, "It may be so, but if it is I shall be greatly disappointed ;" and conversed with her mother about her burial, with as much composure of mind as if it had been to go to a religious meeting. She continued until fourth-day night, just after the clock struck twelve, when she quietly departed, as ripe fruit, though gathered in the bloom of life ; which was not to be trusted in this uncertain and polluted world, that had not tainted her virtuous mind, which in all things seemed much resigned to the Divine will.

May we who are left behind, experience a qualification to adore the Giver of all good, who is worthy of praise, glory and adoration now and for ever.

A SHORT ACCOUNT
OF
ANN CROWLEY.

ANN CROWLEY, daughter of Thomas Crowley, of Gracechurch street, London, being seized with illness, which continued for several months, was preserved in much patience, and uttered many expressions which shewed the fervency of her mind. At one time she expressed herself thus: ‘The pains of death are hard to bear, but I am sensible they are not on me now, but they are near approaching; death is no terror to me.’ “Oh death, where is thy sting; oh grave where is thy victory?” ‘My dear tender mother, it will be a bitter cup, but it is the Lord’s preparing, and therefore drink it willingly.’ Being removed into the country for the benefit of the air, she expressed herself to the following effect, ‘This is hard work, it is indeed hard to bear, but the Lord is with me in these trying moments. I did not think my dissolution was so near, but I am ready. Take me, Father, take me to thyself this evening, if it be thy will, for I long to be with thee in paradise. Though I have endured so many moments of agonizing pain, the Lord has been my support through the whole, and, I doubt not, will continue to be with me to the end. Oh Father! Father! Father! bow the heavens and come down; be thou with thy people universally all the world over. Why do ye weep? Weep not for me, but give me up to the Lord, for I am happy, far happier than I can express. I wish every one of you could feel what I feel at this time, for it is beyond expression: Oh, it is like a heaven upon earth; it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive what good things God hath in store for them that love him.’

To one of her sisters, she said, ‘Oh! my sister, give up, give up, now in the days of thy youth; for the Lord loves an early sacrifice. Oh, prepare thyself! lest it should please the Lord to cut thee down in the flower of thy youth.’

About two weeks before her departure, she earnestly prayed, that it might please the Almighty to take her that night, and expressed herself as follows: 'Thou hast been pleased to give me a taste of thy goodness, and a sight of thy glory, and it is glorious indeed; but, Oh, Father! I long to be with thee, that I may enjoy it in a more plentiful manner—the gates of heaven are open to receive me.' She said, 'I have never murmured at what it is the Lord's will I should suffer, but I was content if the pain had been much greater, if it was the will of my heavenly Father. Oh Lord! I long to be with thee, where my soul shall join the angels and archangels that are in heaven.' And she further added, 'And it is my desire that you, my tender brothers and sisters, may come to the same experience: I was nearly visited long before I was laid on this bed of sickness; if I had not, it would be miserable indeed; and a little after, 'My spirit was warmed in the renewing of thy love.'

About six days before her close, she sent for her three brothers separately to her bed-side; and, in a most affectionate and tender manner, cautioned them against the gaiety, riches, and grandeur of the world; and exhorted them to walk in the path of virtue, to keep close to divine instructions, and likewise to watch and pray continually: adding, 'I feel it needful even on my death-bed.' To one of them she said, 'Give up, O give up, remember the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; seek thou that wisdom now in the days of thy youth; step gently along, and keep thy mind low and humble before him.' After lying still a little time, she said, 'Though painful my nights, and wearisome my days, as Samuel Fothergill said, yet I am preserved in resignation and patience.'

Some friends visiting her, she expressed to them, 'My pains of body are great, but my dependance is on the Lord, and my only comfort is in him. I thought from the beginning that I should not get

over it ; but within these three weeks I have seen clearly I shall not ;' and farther observed, that she had been visited long before her illness, and had found great uneasiness in wearing things that were gay, and also in speaking in the plural language to one person ; and added, that she found it difficult to take up the cross, but when she did, her satisfaction was great. ' Oh ! what I feel for those whose minds are involved in the world,' with much more ; all importing the happy state of her mind ; saying to one friend, ' I am ready, I have nothing to do but die.'

She particularly requested of her father, that after her decease, her body might be buried from Devonshire-house meeting ; and desired, that the young folks of that quarter, in particular, might be invited to attend ; hoping it might prove a profitable time to them.

The evening preceding her departure, she spoke to one of her sisters to the following effect—' Gaiety proceeds from pride, and pride is the root of all evil :' and she fervently exhorted against it.

In the night her pains were exceeding great, and she felt the approach of death ; and in the last two hours continued uttering ejaculations : and, calling for her mother, on her coming to her she said, ' Farewell :' and expired, the 12th of the Second month, 1774 ; being not quite seventeen years of age.

AN EXTRACT.

If good we plant not, vice will fill the mind,
 And weeds despoil the space for flow'rs design'd.
 The human heart ne'er knows a state of rest,
 Bad tends to worse, and better leads to best ;
 We either gain or lose, we sink or rise,
 Nor rests our struggling nature till she dies ;
 Those very passions that our peace invade,
 If rightly pointed, blessings may be made ;
 Then rise, my friend, above terrestrial aims,
 Direct the ardour which thy breast inflames

To that pure region of eternal joys,
 Where fear disturbs not, nor possession cloy;
 Press eager onward to those blissful plains,
 Where one unbounded spring for ever reigns.

A MEMENTO FOR YOUTH.

When you're advanc'd in years, improv'd in sense,
 Think not with farther care you may dispense;
 'Tis fatal to the interests of the soul
 To stop the race before we've reached the goal;
 For nought our higher progress can preclude
 So much as thinking we're already good;
 Then place the standard of fair Virtue high,
 Pursue and grasp it e'en beyond the sky.

MEDITATION ON DEW.

Soon as the evening comes, this penetrating invisible moisture embalms each herb and flower, and fruit that grows. When sultry heats and winds have caused the various tribes of vegetation to languish and pine with sickly drought, this wondrous cordial falls upon their drooping heads; and makes them blow afresh in health and beauty;—but how admirable! this gentle dew, when it distils its treasures into nature's cup, is neither heard by the quickest ear, nor seen by the sharpest eye; it makes no noise; it makes no show. What a striking emblem is this of that divine anointing from above which descends on heavenly souls! The Lord says, by Hosea; his prophet, "I will be as the dew on Israel:" Heavenly dew—this is the *still small voice* of the holy spirit which is not to be found in the whirlwind of fleshly works and passions.

As the dew falls when all is still, when all is wrapt in silence, so it is in the silence of all flesh with its noisy workings, that this sacred unction distils upon the soul, and causes it to grow as the lily, and send forth its fragrant odours as the vine of Lebanon.

PRAYER.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
 Utter'd or unexpress'd ;
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
 Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air,
 His watchword at the gates of death ;
 He enters Heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways,
 While Angels in their song rejoice,
 And cry, " Behold, he prays."

In Prayer on earth the saints are one,
 In word, in deed, in mind,
 When with the Father and the Son
 Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor Prayer is made on earth alone,
 The Holy Spirit pleads,
 And Jesus on the eternal throne
 For sinners intercedes.

O Thou ! by whom we come to God !
 The life, the truth, the way ;
 The path of Prayer thyself hast trod,
 " Lord ! teach us how to pray."